THE NEWS.

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THE TRUE LOVER.

Do you asks me, Starry Eyes,
To describe the lover true?
Wonder not at my surprise—
Who should know as well as you!
Think of all that you have seen,
All the lovers that have been;
He is true whose love is shown
For her sake, and not his own.

What he does, he does alone;
Yet he hopes it wins her thought;
All that in his soul has grown
To her sovereign feet is brought;
To his soul her image clings,
She seems woven in all things,
And each thought that in him stirs
Is not for his sake, but hers.

For her sake he will endure,
For her self will sacrifice;
Bravely bearing, her love sure,
Censure, slander, scorn, advice
If another wins her heart,
Sadly he will from her part;
Sadly, bravely, true love is
For her sake and not for his.

This is the true lover sweet—
Love as ever I am true;
For my love is all complete,
Perfect since it comes from you.
Darling, yet 'tis not true—no!
For I would not let you go;
I must keep you where you've grown,
For my sake, and not your own.

For your own, because I love
More than any other can;
More than ever love could move
Heart of any former man.
Look at me and then agree
None have ever loved like me;
For whatever I may do
Is because I live in you.

Kiss, and so shut speech away;
When old age our life has spent
'Twill be time enough to say
What is love in argument.
For the present all stars shine;
You are here and you are mine.
Love makes light, and song, and flowers,
For whose sake? Dear love, for ours.
—*F. W. Loring, in Boston Transcript.*

MISS ATKINSON'S OPINIONS.

"Oh, Will, I am so glad!" and pretty Mrs. Danvers, quite forgetful of the soft balls of many-colored worsteds in her lap, rose hurriedly to meet her husband. "I had a very, very, very important letter to-day—*from London!*"

"From London, Fan? I did not think that you knew any one in London."

"I was three years in a London boarding-school, sir! Do you think it is only men who make bosom-friends at school? John Lawrence and you were chums at school, and are ridiculous about each other yet; I suppose *I* can have a school friend, too."

"Nonsense, Fan! David and Jonathan have no sisters. Women get a husband, and then there is an end of 'my darling Angelina,' and 'my darling Fanny.'"

"Her name is not Angelina, sir, and she always called me Frances. If there is one thing Elizabeth detests it is nicknames. She used to say: 'If your name is Frances, don't allow any one to call you anything else.' She is quite a remarkable woman, Will, I assure you."

"And her name is Elizabeth?"

"Yes—Elizabeth Atkinson. She is very rich—very rich, indeed; and I thought, Will, dear, if I could get her to be baby's godmother—she's an old maid, Will—she might leave baby something, you know."

"You mercenary little mother! You would lay the weight of those two dreadful names upon baby for the sake of a possible legacy? Elizabeth—Atkinson—Danvers. The little mite could not bear it, Fan."

"We could call her 'Bessie,' Will; her godmother would never know. Bessie is pretty; don't you think so?"

"No, I do not think so. I am for calling her Lily, or Violet, or Grace, or something flowery and pretty,"

"I never knew a girl called Lily that did not grow up fat and red, or one called Violet that was not loud and vulgar, or one called Grace that was not ill-tempered and gawky. Now there is something very stately about Elizabeth."

"And very likely baby will grow up a little fluttering, frizzly-haired fairy, all curves, and ringlets and ribbons."

"I am ashamed of you, Will, talking about your own dear, darling little daughter in that way. And after all the trouble I have taken to select a proper godmother for her! And Elizabeth so delighted, and coming all the way to New York to see her goddaughter, too, and everything else. I must say I expected more appreciation from you, Will. Lilian Morris was here this afternoon, and she of course opposed Elizabeth. I expected that. She is all for those horrid Saxon names, like Maud, and Elfrida and Bertha. But a man of the world—a sensible man like you, Will! I am astonished."

"Oh, don't scold, Fan. I think Elizabeth lovely; and as you say, we can call her Lizzy."

"No, Will, I never said Lizzy. Lizzy, indeed! I said *Bessie*."

"Yes, dear, Bessie. I beg pardon."

"And I shall write to Miss Atkinson to say that we will have the christening in May, if that suits you, Will,"

"Yes, yes; that suits me very well, John and I are going to the Adirondacks in June, but it will be all over by that time,"

"All over, Will! I must say that is not flattering the baby."

"I dare say baby will be glad enough to have it all over. But is this lady really coming here?"—to New York?"

"She is really coming. I was going to ask you about refurnishing the blue suite of rooms for her."

"Why they were refurnished when we were married, two years ago, and nobody has used them but John Lawrence."

"And he smokes. Elizabeth is very sensitive on that subject."

For a short time Will held his ground about refurnishing; but after Fanny shifted the point of attack from her rocking-chair to his knee, the resistance grew fainter and fainter, and finally the weak husband not only agreed to carved oak furniture upholstered in rich wood colors, but also professed to see the necessity for looking after the carriage.

"That Mrs. Lorimer has had hers lined with dark purple satin, and it is really an effective background for light hair," skillfully suggested Fanny. "And I am so sick of those gray horses! Can't we have bay ones, Will? They are more English and stylish."

So the oak furnishing, the new carriage-lining and the bay horses were determined on, and, what is more, Will Danvers had no sense of having suffered a defeat.

Will Danvers heard a great deal of Miss Atkinson between March and May, and was allowed to read specially wise and lofty paragraphs in her letters. He affected a great admiration for the lady, but in reality he was quite sure she would prove a tremendous bore. "But John and I can get out of it," he reflected; "that is one comfort. And if she manages to put Fan under her thumb, she is cleverer than I am; that's all. I don't believe Fan will give in—much; I never knew her do it. I'll bet twenty dollars they have a civil fight before a month is over, and that Fan comes out ahead."

In a week after Miss Atkinson's arrival Will had modified this opinion. Her appearance was not formidable—quite the contrary. Indeed, she was so petite, so gentle, so appealing, that Will had not at first thought it necessary to guard one of his prerogatives. But gradually he found himself abandoning his dearest rights. "Miss Atkinson was not well; would Mr. Danvers kindly breakfast alone and allow darling Frances to have a quiet talk and cup of tea with her?" Mr. Danvers politely consented, and in a week the favor had become a custom, and Mr. Danvers breakfasted alone as a matter of course.

It was the same thing in everything; Miss Atkinson took possession of his wife, his child and his house. Her cool, calm, authoritative way was irresistible, and she delivered her opinions with such an air of settled conviction in their infallibilty that few cared to dispute them. "She was really sorry to find so much to disapprove of in New York society, and she wished she knew how to pass it over, but it was her nature to speak the truth, though it was often a very disagreeable duty."

And even Will gave her the usual credit of this unpleasant characteristic. "It is just her honest, straightforward nature that makes her say this kind of thing," he said to John Lawrence one night; "but I wish she was not so fond of 'plain truths.' Fan is made to see faults in me she never would find out by herself."

"'Plain truths!'" answered John, spitefully. "I have always noticed that these people who are so fond of 'plain truths' never feel called upon to tell pleasant truths. I have always refused to meet the lady, Will, because I like women who are not above nice little hypocrisies to please us; but I declare a woman who proposes to accompany us into the woods, and turn our private pleasure into a public picnic, must be a character. I'll go home with you to-day and see her."

"Oh, John, thank you. I shan't feel so helpless against Fan and her then. Poor Fan! She hates the woods, and can't endure a dinner without entrees and dessert; yet this English woman has absolutely pursuaded her that she is looking dreadfully ill, and that nothing but a pure natural life will save her from consumption."

To say that John Lawrence had no curiosity about Miss Atkinson would be false. He had heard all about her continually for a month; she was always doing or saying something which contradicted his ideas of what a woman ought to do or say; so that going home with Will was not committing himself to any great act of self-denial.

It was a lovely June evening, and just dusk, as they entered the parlors. They were empty, and they walked through them on to a balcony latticed with vines that overlooked the little plot of city garden. Miss Atkinson was standing in the very center of a small lawn. She was quite unconscious of any observation, and John stayed by an imperative motion Will's first movement to announce their approach. "Let me look at her," he said, in an agitated manner.

As she stood there in the June twilight she was worth looking at. A woman about twenty-eight years of age, of the most delicate type of English beauty. Her small, light figure was exquisitely robed in fawn-colored silk and grenadine. She had a pink rose at her throat, and another in her hand, but, even as they looked at her, she dropped it from her listless grasp. For a moment she regarded it pitifully, and then there passed over her face an expression of such hopeless sorrow or weariness that Will was quite startled, and turned to his friend:

"She does not look very bad-tempered now, does she? Why, John, what is the matter? Do you know her?"

"I can not tell, Will. Either I know her, or have been dreaming about her for eleven years, that's all."

Half an hour afterward they were sitting side by side in the gas-lit parlor. Every trace of sensibility had left Elizabeth's face. That womanly melancholy that had made her so lovely in the twilight garden had quite vanished. She was now only a keen, clever little woman.

But somehow John felt sure that she had assumed a character, and was playing up to it. "She is a clever actress, and enjoys interpreting her role; but why she chooses to do so is a question." And from this evening forward John Lawrence fell as completely under the spell of Elizabeth Atkinson as Fanny had done—with this difference: Elizabeth soon became aware that in this case her slave was also her conqueror.

Will was disgusted with the whole position. He took a couple of servants and set off to the Adirondacks without John, who did not now want to go fishing. He seemed, indeed, to desire nothing but to idle away the long summer days in Fanny's garden or parlors. Necessarily Elizabeth and he were often left alone, and it was a noticeable thing that after the first two weeks of their acquaintance they found nothing to dispute about in their interviews. Elizabeth sat quietly rocking and pretending to sew, and John watched her and pretended to read.

Sometimes they glanced at each other, sometimes they said a few words, but John was really gaining a silent victory. Then there would be days in which Elizabeth rebelled against this growing power over her, and at such times she resolutely refused to leave her own room; but such struggles only left her more weak and impressionable. John conquered by his absence as surely as by his presence.

The first really hot weather had sent the Danverses out to their country home—an old stone house among great pine woods—and John spent most of his time with them. But not one word of love did he say during those charmed weeks of hot summer-tide. They wandered through the pines, and played with the baby, and sailed down the river in the cool mornings and the moonlight nights, and John said nothing beyond the pleasant, courteous words of an intimate acquaintance. In those days Elizabeth was often very weary. "I must wear my mask," she though; "he must not know how really weak and tender I am. Once! ah! once—. But what did it bring me? Contempt. If women show they have a heart, they invite a betrayer."

It was the last day of August, and Elizabeth was to return to England early in September. It had been a still, hot, exhausting day. Fanny had a bad headache, John was in the city, and Elizabeth was slowly walking her little namesake to sleep in the darkening parlor. By-and-by John came home and sat down. Elizabeth smiled faintly at him, and continued her monotonous walk and lullaby. John followed her every movement. Then the child was asleep, and she was leaving the room.

He stood before her, all his soul in his face. "You will come back, Elizabeth? I want to speak to you."

It was the first time he had ever called her Elizabeth. She knew what he wanted to say, and yet she answered, almost in a whisper: "I will come back."

He was awaiting her return with the greatest impatience. Now that he could no longer withhold speech, he was eager for his opportunity. He met her as she entered, and drawing her passionately toward him, said: "Oh, Elizabeth, you must not leave me now. I have loved you, darling, loved you and sought you, for eleven years."

"Oh, John, I love you, too! But you must know the truth: I have loved some one else the greater part of those eleven years—some one who basely won my childish heart, and then left me to such hopeless misery as makes me tremble yet to think of. I was a simple, loving, romantic soul, and he thought it but a holiday to take all the glory out of my life, and all the trust out of my heart."

"Are you sure of that, darling?"

"Quite sure. He left me in Rome one 1st of November; I never saw him again, and he never wrote me a line."

"He waskilled three days afterward, dearest, in a pass of the Apennines. There was a long letter to you in his pocket, but it was unfinished and had no address. I have it here. Will you read it?"

"No, no, John; it is too late now. You knew Stephen?"

"He was my dearest friend. We were traveling together. I knew that he was deeply in love with a young English girl, but he was very secret and jealous about this matter. I did not care to irritate him with questions, for he regarded the subject as too sacred a one for common conversation. Sooner or later I was sure he would give me his confidence. Alas! he had only strength after he was stabbed to whisper some words which were quite inaudible, and explained nothing. The brigands who had attacked us suffered me to redeem my friend's body and my own life, and I kept as a sacred trust and relic the letter he had intended for you, and your picture. The lovely face gradually became a dream and a hope to me; I sought you all over Europe; I have not found you now only to lose you, have I, Elizabeth?"

She answered at first by a passion of tears and sobs. It was a gracious rain, and washed away all the sense of wrong that had imbittered so many years. It was just, also, that she should first give this tribute to the memory of a lost and wronged love. John understood the feeling, and shared it. After all, it was a short sorrow, from which was to spring for them long years of confident joy.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Explosives.

Rapid and strong explosives are very useful in hasty operations for the destruction of abatis, palisades, stockades, barriers, and other military obstructions, and they form a regular part of the materiel in foreign armies. They serve likewise to remove walls, houses and other cover for an enemy to destroy with celerity bridges, particularly iron-trussed railway viaducts, and in various ways, not necessary to mention, are useful in attack and defence. In industrial uses they have perforated mountain ranges to open rapid communications between nations, have removed rocks and other hard obstructions from the channels of rivers, and destroyed submarine wrecks. They have been applied to break up the subsoil to depths of six to ten feet to aid the growth of trees. They have removed masses of cast or wrought iron which accumulate below the tap-holes of cupolas or form in the crucibles of blast furnaces. They have broken up ice dams interfering with navigation and producing inundations. They have sometimes been used in felling trees, but this is not expedient, except for hasty military operations to deprive an enemy of cover or to create an obstruction to his advance. They are effective in removing stumps from fields and from the channels of rivers. The gigantic operations of blasting which have opened lines of communication by land and by water would probably never have been undertaken but for the dicovery of quick explosives. For unlawful uses, to serve the purposes of assassination and destruction of property, they can be applied only upon a limited scale and with nearly fruitless results, as experience has already fully demonstrated. Attempts in this way, made on a large scale, to force social changes and overturn Governments, would require both time and money and an elaborate plan of operations, which could not pass without detection and suppression, unless favored by organized masses of people sufficient in numbers and power to initiate revolution and war.—*General Newton, in North Amercian Review.*

—On the bill of fare in New York Italian restaurants coffee is one cent per cup; steaks, chops and stews, three cents; pastry, three cents; beer, two cents; whisky and brandy, three cents. These places are thronged daily by persons of all nationalities.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Luray Caves to Virginia.

The *Tech*, the organ of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, publishes a description of the Luray Caves in Virginia, which have been known to the public for the past five years. They were discovered in 1878. The writer of this paper says:

The entrance to the caverns is through a narrow passage about twenty-five feet in length, leading into a room of moderate size, where the attention of the visitor is arrested by the hundreds of stalactites and stalagmites around him, forming all sorts of curious shapes. But one soon learns to regard these things as common, and contentedly hurries on with the guide to see some of the wonderful resemblances to the things of the outside world.

Adjoining the grand entrance hall is an apartment called the fish market, where the lime has so taken the shape of strings of fish that the resemblance to our own fish markets is quite apparent, though the writer was at a loss to determine the peculiar species. Some, however, better versed in the science of zoology, unhesitatingly pronounce them to be a species of bass, perch, shad, mackerel, etc.; at least, so says the guide. Winding through various corridors leading into rooms of different dimensions, and passing by gigantic columns and deep gorges, notably the rift called Pluto's Chasm, about seventy-five feet deep and five hundred feet in length, through which we are told the god is supposed to have borne Proserpine to the under world—we finally come to the Giant's Hall, which is especially interesting as containing the organ and the fallen column, a huge mass of limestone twenty-five feet in length, the age of which, as estimated by some scientists, is several millions of years.

This statement may at first seem strange, but after considering the following experiment we no longer doubt the assertion. A glass tumbler was placed beneath some dripping lime water, that the time taken to form an incrustation might be observed, and at the end of five years a crust not more than one eighth of an inch in thickness was formed under the most favorable conditions. The organ is composed of stalactites and stalagmites, which have formed continuous columns from ceiling to floor, which not only resembled the pipes of an organ but to some extent give forth actual musical sounds, soft and sweet. The writer regrets to say, however, that "Yankee Doodle" was the tune whose notes desecrated the sanctified cathedral of the deceased giant.

The Wet Blanket is, however, voted by all the most perfect and interesting phenomenon in the cave. In a dark corner of the cavern the lime has the form of a large sheet suspended from the roof. Towards the end of this sheet have been formed, by the precipitation of iron, two red bands about two inches in width, which, with the yellow color given to it by the dripping water, take on the appearance of a veritable wet blanket.

Of especial scientific interest are the helictites—rare formations, which project horizontally from the walls of the cave from two to three inches. These, the guide-book tells us, are due to slow crystalization taking place on a surface barely moist from material conveyed to the point of growth by a capillary movement. It is hard to control the desire to pull off these helictites and other specimens as one passes along. But the exercise of this will power is helped in a great measure by "the mechanic spirits of this under world, gnomes and imps" in the shape of little darkies, "who dart from shadow to shadow, behind column and angle, to watch that we do no harm to the marvelous handiwork." There is, moreover, a further inducement to keep one's hands off, in a fine of from five to one hundred dollars for every specimen broken. It is, therefore, rather an expensive place for over zealous specimen hunters; but the writer would advise all others who travel South by the beautiful Shenandoah Valley to spend a day at Luray and see for themselves its wonders.

Moose Hunting.

The time is close at hand when the moose will become extinct. Pursued at all seasons of the year by roving Indians and hunter tramps, to say nothing of the common ruck of sportsmen, bulls, cows with young, and half-grown calves are killed indiscriminately at all seasons. These creatures are the largest of the deer family, measuring, when full grown, five feet eight inches to six feet in height, and weighing twelve hundred pounds or more. They have a coarse, erect mane, while under the throat dangles a long tuft of hair. Animals indigenous to these high latitudes usually assume a white fur during the winter months; that on the moose, on the contrary, becomes much darker in color Their antlers are foliated and of immense weight and size, averaging six feet from tip to tip, and weighing upward of sixty pounds. These they shed in January. By the month of June they have again attained the normal size. Their fore-legs are so disproportionate in length as to seriously interfere with their grazing; consequently, when feeding upon grass, they will, if possible pasture upon a slope. Their hind-feet are splayed, and furnished with long, loose, horny points, which rattle as they shamble along. Notwithstanding their awkwardness and great size, when alarmed they travel with astonishing speed, seemingly impossible in an animal crowned with such immense and weighty antlers. His head-gear, however, gives him, when in flight, less trouble than his legs. The head, carried so high as to prevent him from seeing the ground directly in his front, causes him to trip and stumble over the fallen trunks and branches which may lie in his path. The cow-moose is somewhat smaller than the male; her coat has a more reddish tinge. Early in life she gives birth to but one calf; as she advances in years the number is increased to two.

"Crusting" (or hunting with snow-shoes), "driving," "creeping," and "calling" are the various methods employed to hunt the moose. "Crusting" is the method employed when snow is upon the ground. It is, moreover, the most certain and deadly manner of killing the animal. Its great weight and the formation of its splayed hoofs render it comparatively helpless when attacked and pursued on the crust of the snow. At every step it breaks through the surface, cutting its legs, so that its tracks are marked by trails of blood. Even when taken at a disadvantage which "crusting" offers, a vigorous man on snow-shoes must put forth all his powers of endurance in order to overtake it, its enormous strength enabling it to flounder for a considerable distance at great speed. In consequence of the difficulty which the moose experience in traveling in the snow, they form during the winter season what are called "yards." Large numbers congregate together in the depth of the forest. The trampling of their feet soon beats down the deep snow. This forms a rampart all about them. As they move in a circle in feeding, this bank is always about them. The wolves hover on the edges, ready to pick up any discontented old bull which may be expelled by his companions. They know better than to enter the portals; in a moment they would be torn to pieces by the sharp hoofs of the moose.

In the spring and summer the moose frequent the edges of sedgy lakes and lagoons buried deep in the forest. In the waters of these they submerge themselves until only their heads are visible, in order to escape from the tormenting attacks of the black fly. Moreover, they find in these sheets of water aquatic plants on which they delight to feed. At this season they may be approached in canoes much more readily than in the forest.

More reprehensible still is the "calling" of moose; it is, however, above every other form of shooting, whether for large or small game, the most interesting and exciting. It is a shabby way, however; but no man, no matter who he may be, and how thoroughly equipped with the exalted sporting principles can resist its most potent attractiveness. "Calling" is practiced during the rutting season. It consists in imitating the call of the cow-moose by means of a birch-bark cone. On a clear, still night, the caller, armed with his trumpet, mounts to the top of a high tree. From his lofty perch he projects to a great distance in the still air of the night the bellow of the cow-moose. For a long time he repeats the call without a response. At last, in the far distance, the answering cry of the bull is heard. The caller now descends from the tree and joins the hunters at its base. The bull, in response to the call of the guide, approaches nearer and nearer. The success of the stratagem now depends entirely on the skill with which the caller imitates the low deep grunts of the cow. If he makes a single blunder, the male hesitates in advance, takes alarm, and hurries off. If, on the contrary, his call is up to all the requirements of the occasion, the hunter is rewarded by the sight of a magnificent animal, his chest elevated, and great wreaths of vapor issuing from his distended nostrils. There is not a moment to lose. The hunter shoots at once. The animal lingers but an instant, for his instinct tells him that where he stands the cow-moose should be.—*Gaston Fay, in Harper's Weekly.*

A Finny Jester.

In some quiet nook or corner of the sunfish pond we have made friends with the dace (Rhynchichthys abronasus), another little nest-builder, and a veritable finny jester. Stretched upon the green turf that overshadows their homes, we have caught glimpses of them, and, perhaps unseen, played the spy upon their domestic doings.

Life to them is a gala time. What games and sports they have! Looking down between the leaves, we see in their every action a reflex of boyhood days. Now in jest they join in the chase of some intruding minnow, suddenly changing their course and rising to dash at some resplendent dragon-fly that, with staring eyes, hovers over the growing canopy of their home; again they dart about the surface, rising at impossible flies and bits of floating weed. One more daring than the rest fairly clears a lily-pad; another lands upon the partly submerged leaf, the momentary struggle to escape attracting the attention of the sharp-eyed kingfisher, who dashes down fiercely in fruitless chase, a dire warning to the sportive fishes. All is not play, however, even among the dace. In the warm weeks of June come the sterner duties, the nesting-time; male and female join in the preparation, and the locality is selected, perhaps in some running brook, in shallow water. Roots, snags and leaves are carried away, both sometimes tugging at a single piece taking it down stream, and working faithfully, until we, who are watching from the bank despite the strong protest of the ants, see a clearing over two feet in diameter. Here the first eggs are deposited, and the male, who has retired, soon appears from up-stream, bearing in its mouth a pebble, that is placed among the eggs that form a layer in the center of the clearing. Now they both swim away, soon returning, each bearing a pebble in its mouth, that is dropped upon the eggs. Slowly the work goes on, until a layer of clean pebbles apparently covers the eggs; now the female deposits a second layer of eggs, and more pebbles are brought, the little workers scouring the neighborhood for them, piling up stones and eggs alternately until the heap attains a height of eight inches or more, formed in various shapes, sometime pyramidal or dome-shaped—monuments of the patience of these finny housekeepers. Who would suspect their purpose? Even the gleaners of the golden fields, in whose brooks our little friends are found, have not discovered their secret, and think the curious piles washings of the brook itself.—*C. F. Holder, in Harper's Magazine.*

—For the benefit of editors, it should be stated that expert burglars have invented a new way of cracking safes. They bore through between the combination and handle. A thread is then cut in the hole and a screw inserted, by means of which the lock is forced in. Journalists who have hitherto depended upon being awakened by an explosion and then rush onto the marauders with shotguns and bludgeons will have to devise something for the protection of their wealth.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—A thirty-year-old clock at San Marcus, Tex., that has been silent eight years, waked up the other day and struck 180 without stopping.—*Chicago Times.*

How Disraeli Would Have Had London.

One of Disraeli's favorite ideas was that London ought to be made the most magnificent city in the world—a real Kaiserstadt or imperial town, a model to all other cities in the character of its public buildings, the sanitary perfection and outer picturesqueness of its private houses, the width of its streets, etc. When Napoleon III. commenced the re-edification of Paris he used to say: "Is it not pitiful that the Emperor should be doing by force what we could do so much better of our own free will if we had a proper pride, to say nothing of good sense, in the matter?" He found many congenial listeners, and one in particular, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, now Lord Lamington (the Buckhurst of "Coningsby,") whose artistic tastes are well known. But he was generally met by some such theories as satisfied the Aylesbury tradesman, or by talk about that eternal want of peace which vexes public men. Once when he was staying at Knole he launched out into a parody of Macaulay's idea of the New Zealander meditating over the ruins of London Bridge. He imagined this personage reconstructing a row of villas at Brixton: "What a picture he would make of it; he would naturally suppose that knowing how to build, and having just awoken to a knowledge of sanitation, we had built according to the best ideas in our heads." Then he took his New Zealander among the ruins of the stately commercial palaces crowded in narrow lanes all round the Bank and the Exchange: "He would conclude that there must after all have been some tyrannical laws which prevented our merchants from combining their resources to make their streets spacious and effective, for it would seem absurd to him that intelligent men should, at a great cost, have built palaces for themselves in holes and corners where nobody could admire them properly, when, by acting in concert, they might at much less expense have set much finer palaces in noble avenues, courts and squares." Then Disraeli broke out into an animated description of his regenerate London, with Wren's four grand approaches to St. Paul's, boulevards transecting the metropolis in all directions, and the palace of Whitehall rebuilt after Inigo Jones' designs to make new Government offices. He would have covered the embankment pedestals with statues of Admirals set in colossal groups recalling great naval achievements, and he thought Stepney ought to have its cathedral of St. Peter—the church of a sea-faring nation, dedicated to the fisherman saint—and containing memorials to all the humble heroes, sailors or fishermen, who lost their lives performing acts of courage on the water. "The names of such men ought not to perish," he used to say. When he had finished speaking somebody observed that his plan would cost £200,000,000, and convert every rate-payer into a porcupine. "We may have to pay £500,000,000 in the end for doing things in the present way," he answered; "and as to the porcupine, he is manageable enough if you handle him in the right way."—*Temple Bar.*

An Enterprise for Lending Money in New York.

Readers of one of the leading daily newspapers see every day such advertisements as the following:

A.—A.—LOANS MADE ON SALARIES. Address Box—at—Office.

An unfortunate clerk tells the story of his experiences with this advertiser, and from other sources it has been learned that there are many persons engaged in the nefarious business.

"I am a clerk, with a salary of twelve dollars a week. Recently I was in want of a lump sum of money, and the advertisement of a man who wants to lend money on salaries caught my eye. I wrote to him, and by the next mail received his name and address. It was W. Rodman Winslow, Room 22, Vanderbilt Building, Beekman and Nassua streets. I called at his office, and after some difficulty succeeded in borrowing fifty dollars. I was asked how long I had been in my position (I am a clerk on Nassua street), then what I was getting in the way of salary, and finally whether the cashier of the firm would agree to pay my weekly orders from my salary. I answered these questions, and said I would make the arrangements for the payments. On the next day I called again, and found the papers drawn up. Under these I was to pay six dollars a week for seven weeks, and eight dollars for the eighth week. But what do you think the charges were? First, I paid twenty-five cents for drawing the articles of agreement, then I had to pay twenty-five cents more for a Notary's certificate, and then forty-three cents interest on the money for two months. But the crowning charge was a premium of ten dollars for the accommodation. My account then stood thus:

Paid for premium	$10 00
Paid for agreement	25
Paid for notary	25
Paid for interest	43
	$10 93
Received in cash	$50 07

"Thus, when I paid interest, premium and fees (which I did at the very start, and had to do under the articles of agreement), I had thirty-nine dollars and seven cents, and was under engagement to pay fifty dollars in eight weeks. This, I estimated, is borrowing money at the rate of two hundred and fifty per cent. per annum. To tell you the struggle I had for those eigh weeks to make both ends meet at my little home would be impossible. But I went through with it and was finally free from the blood-sucker."

"Are there many clerks who patronize these usurers?"

"Hundreds of them. You see the advertisements are alluring, and most men are willing to pay well for accommodations of this kind. Of course, they feel sore when they find that they are paying that ten dollars premium, but they are in debt to the usurer, for one reason or another, at all times, and in the course of a year pay him one-half or perhaps more, of their salaries."—*N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

—A vessel which arrived at New Bedford, Mass., recently, brought an eagle which alighted on the masthead when the vessel was fifteen hundred miles from any land.—*Boston Post.*

—There is only one negro in Montague, Tex., and he is the porter at the hotel.